

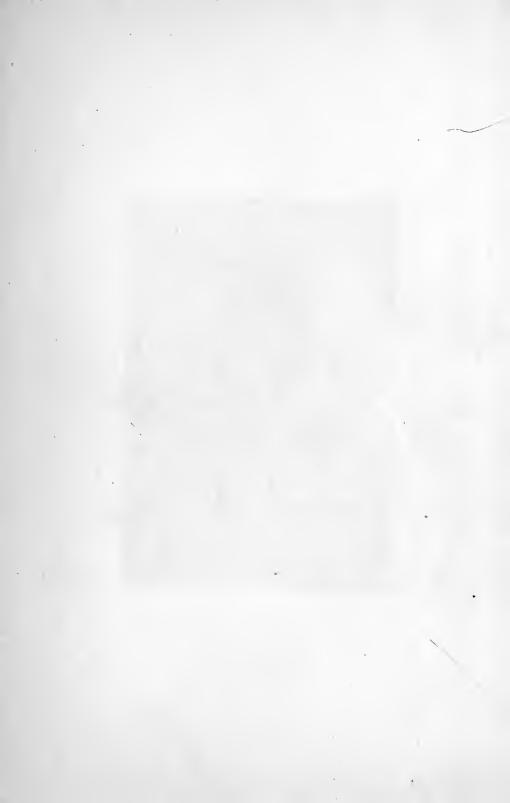


Class P8 3525

Book A 14 R 6

Copyright Nº 1909

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.











BY

### DENIS A. McCARTHY

Author of "Voices from Erin"

SECOND EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED



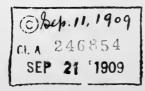
BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1909

753525 .A 14 R6

Copyright, 1907, 1909, By Denis A. McCarthy.

Published September, 1909

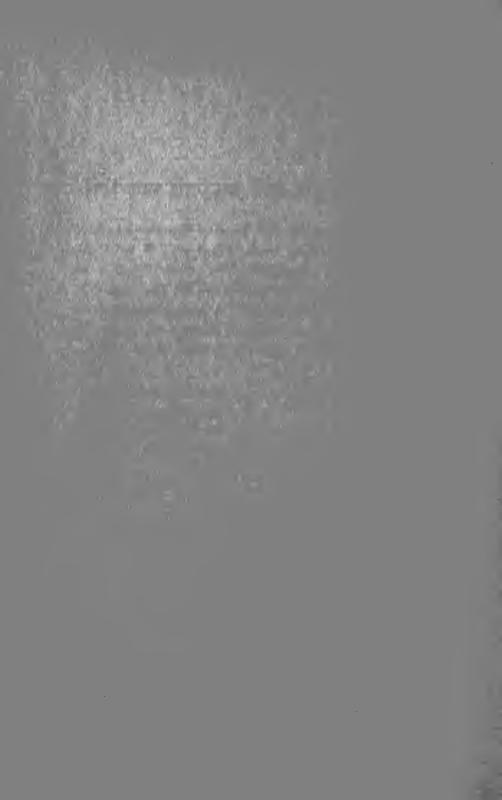
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.



a. M. P. , mar, 195 19

## TO ONE

WHO "NEVER DOUBTED CLOUDS WOULD BREAK"



#### PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

In answer to a popular demand this second edition of the author's first book of verses, "A Round of Rimes," is now presented. The present volume contains all the poems which won for the first edition the praise of critics everywhere. A few poems, however, of a merely personal or topical interest, the author has eliminated, and has added a number, since written:

A Song for The Flag,
Age in Exile,
What is Success?
To an Irish Thrush,
A Song of Beauty,
The Fortune Fairy,
The Veterans,
Spring Song,
The Fields o' Ballyclare,
Queens,

The May Procession,
The Singer,
On St. Patrick's Day,
A Song for the ChildWorkers,
Give Them a Place to
Play,
In the Heart of the Hills,
The Caged Songster,
Rosa Mystica.

The author's acknowledgments are due to the "Youth's Companion," "The Rosary Magazine," [vii]

#### **PREFACE**

"The Christian Endeavor World," "The Ave Maria," "The Journal of Education," and "The New York Sun," for permission to use in this volume poems which were contributed originally by him to those publications.

DENIS A. McCarthy.

August, 1909.

# CONTENTS

PAG	R
A Song for the Flag	I
AGE IN EXILE	4
WHAT IS SUCCESS?	6
To an Irish Thrush	8
A Song of Beauty	0
THE FORTUNE FAIRY	2
THE VETERANS	5
Spring Song	_
m T	, 9
Oueens	_
THE MAY PROCESSION	2
THE SINGER	_
On St. Patrick's Day	•
A Song for the Child-Workers	_
GIVE THEM A PLACE TO PLAY	•
In the Heart of the Hills	-
THE CAGED SONGSTER	
Rosa Mystica	
m b	•
377 37 0	_
TTT 4 TTT 0	_
Mr. Cong	
"A Danisan Trans Essential	
Wrene Course Course Assess	
WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN 4.	3

### **CONTENTS**

		P	AGE
Ah, Sweet is Tipperary			45
Remorse			47
THE POET'S HEART	 •		48
A Song of Liberty			49
FIRST LOVE			51
THE SORROW OF LOVE			52
An Old Woman's Thought			53
"In the Tumult of the City"			55
Go Where You Will			57
A QUESTION			58
A SHAMROCK FROM THE SUIR			59
MEMORIES OF IRELAND			61
DREAMS			63
Poor Love must Wait			64
To One in Bohemia			65
O LAND OF YOUTH!			66
ACROSS THE SEAS IN ERIN			68
Rose of My Heart			70
THE MEMORY OF EMMET	 		71
A PRAIRIE REMINISCENCE			74
IN SUMMER			76
A PICTURE			77
FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE			78
I Saw			80
Voices from Erin			81
Sweetheart			82
"THE HEART OF HAVING IS SAD"			83
Heroes			84
IRELAND			85
WHEN LOVE LAY DEAD			86
f 1			

## CONTENTS

. 87
. 0/
. 90
. 92
• 94
. 96
. 98
. 99
. 100
. 101
. 103
. 105
. 107
. 108
. 110
. 112





## A Song for the Flag

HERE is my love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the tried and true;

Here is my love to your streaming stripes and your stars in a field of blue;

Here is my love to your silken folds wherever they wave on high,

For you are the flag of a land for which 't were sweet for a man to die.

Green though the banner my fathers bore in the days of their ancient wars,

Men of my race full many have died for the banner of stripes and stars.

Bearing the green my fathers battled and bled in the olden fray;

But you, O beautiful flag of the free, are the flag of our hearts to-day.

- So with the myriad races of men who, leaving the past behind,
- Give to the land of their manhood's choice allegiance of heart and mind,
- Laboring ever, with hand or brain, the nation they help to build,
- For you, O beautiful flag, are to them the sign of a hope fulfilled.
- Native or foreign, we're all as one when cometh the day of strife.
- What is the dearest gift we can give for the flag but a human life?
- Native or foreign are all the same when the heart's blood reddens the earth,
- And, native or foreign, 't is love like this is the ultimate test of our worth.
- Native or immigrant, here is the task to which we must summon our powers:
- Ever unsullied to keep the flag in peace as in war's wild hours.
- Selfishness, narrowness, graft, and greed and the evil that hates the light, —
- All these are foes of the flag to-day; all these we must face and fight.

Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire to be free,

Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to the western sea;

Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your stripes may gleam,

To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater deeds that we dream.

Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the tried and true;

Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your stars in a field of blue;

Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over which you fly,

And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it were sweet to die.

## Age in Exile

EARY of the miles and miles of crowded street and square,

Weary of the towering walls that stint the light and air, Weary of the clanging bells — ay, moidhered with the noise —

Weary of the crabbit look of little girls and boys — How I miss the mountainside, and how I miss the glins!

How I miss the singing and the sighing of the win's! How I miss the silence in the dark that used to fall—Yet it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

Faces by the thousand, it is here a man may pass—Never such a sight at home, at market or at Mass! Faces like the tides that in the river ebb and flow, Yet, among them all, there 's not a face a man may know.

Ah, I'm often wishing now for just a sight of one Face that was familiar in the pleasant time that's gone. How the sight would hearten me when life begins to pall—

For it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

Ay, my boys are good as gold since first they brought me out —

Not a blessed thing to do but smoke and walk about. Eating of the very best and wearing decent clothes — Sure 't is I 'm the happy man, God in heaven knows. Yet I can't deny but that I do be missing still Places I was used to once in meadow, vale and hill; Places — ay, and faces, too, and voices I recall — For it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

### What is Success?

HAT is success? To gain a share of gold?
To have one's wealth in envious accents told?
To see one's picture flaunted in the press?
Ah, there be those who label this success.

What is success? To win a little fame? To hear a fickle world applaud your name? To be accounted as a genius? Yes, And there be those who label this success.

But have we not another standard still To judge a man of character and will? Are gold and fame the only measures tried? In all the world is there no test beside?

Ah, yes. The man who meets, with courage grim, The daily duties that devolve on him, The petty, mean, heart-breaking cares that tire The patient soul that never may aspire —

Howe'er so cramped the field wherein he works, He has not failed—the man who never shirks, The man who toils for years without a break, And treads the path of pain for others' sake.

There are a myriad of such men to-day, Who, all unnoted, walk the dolorous way — Upon their shoulders still the cross may press, But who will say they have not won success?

### To an Irish Thrush

OH, little Irish thrush,
Hush, oh, hush!

I hear you singing in the morning bright,
At glowing noon I hear you, and at night;
And, oh, your song, to others gay and glad,
To me is sweet, so sweet! but, ah, so sad!
So hush, and do not sing!
Your minstrelsies such poignant mem'ries bring
That tears will flow
At all the dreams revived of long ago!

Oh, little Irish thrush,
Hush, oh, hush!
You are an exile, like myself, and so
I can detect an undertone of woe
In all your singing, though your master here,
Dull with content, it does not pierce his ear.
So hush, and sing no more,
My heart is full, my eyes are running o'er
Because your song
Recalls old days I deemed were buried long.

Oh, little Irish thrush,
Hush, oh, hush!

Your jovial master thinks that you are gay,
He hears with pride your singing all the day,
He thinks you are content, and that you ne'er
Long for the Irish woods, the Irish air —
So hush, and do not sing,
Let not for souls like his your music ring,
And for my sake,
Hush, little exile, or my heart will break!

## A Song of Beauty

- OH, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song,
- I 'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong,
- I 'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies curled,
- And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the gray old world!
- Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day in the sun!
- The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the meadows run!
- Oh, sing of the sighing branches of trees in the leafy woods,
- And the balm for the heart that's hidden afar in the solitudes!
- The birds let them sing in your singing and flash through the lines you write,
- The lark with his lilt in the morning, the nightingale charming the night,

- The butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted wing —
- All these, let them brighten and lighten the beautiful song you sing!
- And let there be faces of lovers, and let there be eyes that glow,
- And let there be tears of gladness instead of the tears of woe,
- And let there be clinging kisses of lips for a time that part,
- But never a tristful shadow to darken a trustful heart!
- Ay, sing me a song of beauty away with the songs of strife!
- Away with the spectre of sorrow that saddens the most of life!
- Though under the leaf the adder of death and of doom lies curled,
- Oh, sing, for a space, of the beauty that gladdens the gray old world!

## The Fortune Fairy

F you walk in Tipperary
By a certain castle gray,
Like as not you'll meet a fairy
Somewhere there along the way.

He's a crabbed little fellow
In a quaint, old-fashioned suit,
Scarlet coat and waistcoat yellow,
And a three-cocked hat to boot.

All his fingers to his knuckles
Crusted thick with glitt'ring rings,
And a pair of silver buckles
On his shoes, like any king's!

Well, perhaps he'll be reclining, "Fair and aisy" in the sun, Feeling drowsy after dining And not much disposed to run.

Faith, 't is then's your chance to nab him, Steal up softly in the shade, Steal up cautiously and grab him, And your fortune's surely made!

Yes, your fortune's made forever,
If you look him in the eyes,
Vowing he'll escape you never
Till he tells you where it lies —

Where it lies, the hidden treasure,
Good gold pieces fair and round,
Minted in no stinted measure
By the fairies underground!

He 'll be turning, he'll be twisting, He'll be peevish as a cat, He 'll deny the gold's existing, He 'll be saying this and that.

He 'll be mocking, he 'll be crying,
He 'll be grave and he 'll be gay —
Every trick will he be trying
Just to make you look away!

But whatever thing he's saying,
And whatever trick he tries,
And whatever game he's playing —
Look him straight between the eyes!

Ay, be wary and be steady,

For 't is oft the rogue has laughed

At the mortals fooled already

By his cunning and his craft.

Ay, be steady and be wary,
For the quiver of a lash
Will release the Fortune Fairy,
And he 'll vanish like a flash!

### The Veterans

EVERY year they're marching slower,
Every year they're stooping lower,
Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older
men;

Every year the flags above them

Seem to bend and bless and love them

As if grieving for the future when they 'll never march again!

Every year that day draws nearer—
Every year this truth is clearer

That the men who saved the nation from the severing
Southern sword
Soon must pass away forever
From the scene of their endeavor,

Soon must answer to the roll call of the angel of the
Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,
Loyal still to those that slumber,
Forth they march to where already many have found
peace at last,

And they place the fairest blossoms
O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles
of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller, Tattered flag and faded color;

Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task to do,

And the eyes that only brightened When the blaze of battle lightened,

Like the tattered flags they follow are grown dim and faded too.

Every year we see them massing,
Every year we watch them passing,
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain,
But the battle flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them,
And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone
of pain!

## Spring Song

WINTER days are dreary,
Winter nights are long, —
Cometh March, and robin breaks
The silence with a song.
Cometh April, shine and show'r
Freely forth to fling,
Breaking beauty's slumber with
The tender touch of Spring.

Winter days so dreary!
Winter nights so long!
Still may brood about the soul
In spite of robin's song;
April from the world may bid
Wintry winds depart,
Still its magic may not move
The winter of the heart.

Oh, ye folk so dreary,
Brooding over wrong!—
Cast away your sadness when
You hear the robin's song.

[ 17 ]

Let the season to your souls
Mirth and music bring,
Let your hearts be radiant with
The sunshine of the Spring!

# The Fields o' Ballyclare

I'VE known the Spring in England —
And, oh, 't is pleasant there
When all the buds are breaking
And all the land is fair!
But all the time the heart of me,
The better, sweeter part of me,
Was sobbin' for the robin
In the fields o' Ballyclare!

I 've known the Spring in England —
And, oh, 't is England's fair!
With Springtime in her beauty,
A queen beyond compare!
But all the while the soul of me,
Beyond the poor control of me,
Was sighin' to be flyin'
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

I've known the Spring in England — And now I know it here;This many a month I've longed for The openin' of the year.

[19]

But, ah, the Irish mind of me
(I hope 't is not unkind of me)
Is turnin' back with yearnin'
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

## Queens

JUST like a queen, sure, she carries the head of her—

Ay, and her hair is a crown of bright gold!

Just like a queen's is the pose and the tread of her,

Just like a queen in a story of old.

Queen? — there 's not one in the world to compare with her,

Never a queen beauty's sceptre could bear with her, Never a queen beauty's diadem wear with her, She is so stately, so proud — and so cold!

Faith, she may freeze whom she please with her coldness, then,

I'm for a maid of a mellower mien,
One who won't sneer at or jeer at my boldness, when
I'll be confessing how foolish I've been.

She 's not a queen — no, but she 's got a way with her, She has the mildness and sweetness of May with her, Faith, 't is myself 'll be tripping away with her — Sure, 't is a wife a man wants, not a queen!

## The May Procession

WHAT is clearer, what is dearer, than the children's voices singing,

As they come with banners waving, as they come with garlands gay,

Where the waking buds are breaking and the tender grass is springing,

In Our Lady's month of beauty, in Our Lady's month of May!

What is purer or demurer than the fresh young flower-like faces

(Ah, no flowers in all the meadows are so gracious or so sweet!),

As advancing, softly glancing, through the fragrant woodland places,

They approach the shrine of Mary, there to kneel at Mary's feet!

What is fairer, what is rarer, than Our Lady's May procession!

What is nearer to a foretaste of a more than earthly bliss!

Ah, no pleasure, — ah, no treasure, of our later life's possession

Can compare with all the sweetness and the innocence of this!

### The Singer

Then, like the lark on soaring wing,
Untouched by rules and schools of art,
In sooth you can not help but sing.
Behold the bird, untrained, untaught,
What music from his throat is flung—
E'en so, the song by you unsought
Will fall in sweetness from your tongue.

If song within your breast is born,

Not all the strife of street or mart,

Nor cold neglect nor smile of scorn

Can drive its magic from your heart.

Though years that come and years that go

Their burdens to your soul may bring,

Through all the work, through all the woe,

The singer can not help but sing!

# On St. Patrick's Day

AMERICA, America, O noblest land and best!

To-day thine eyes behold a glimpse of green on many a breast;

And in thine ear to-day there sounds a weird and witching strain,

A lilt of mingled joy and grief, of merriment and pain. For this is Erin's day of days, and many a son of thine First saw the light of earthly life in Erin's valleys shine;

And so the Irish color gleams, the Irish poet sings, And o'er the noises of the street the Irish music rings!

America, America, thou land of dreams come true! We love thee none the less because we love old Ireland too.

These sprigs of green we wear to-day no treason symbolize —

They only show how tenderly old memories we prize; They show what loyalty to thee and to thy righteous cause

Can fill the hearts that hungered long beneath a tyrant's laws;

They only show, these sprigs of green that 'round thy flag we twine,

The depth and fervor of the love we offer thee as thine.

America, America, we 've given thee our toil,

We 've helped to rear thy roaring marts and till thy teeming soil;

We've spiked the gleaming bonds of steel that bind the East and West,

We 've digged the ore from out the mines that pierce thy mountains' breast.

We 've thought for thee, we 've wrought for thee — we 've fought for thee as well;

We 've helped to bear thy banner through the battle's blazing hell —

We love thee as our peerless queen, O gracious land and glad;

But ah, the dear old mother land so lowly and so sad!

## A Song for the Child-Workers

Ah, the little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

SHALL we cheat them of their childhood? Shall we rob them of their right?

Shall we bend their shrinking shoulders 'neath the load?

Shall we stunt their slender bodies? Shall we stint their souls of light?

Shall we deal with them by Greed's accursed code? Ah, my brothers, from your ledgers for a moment turn away!

Ah, my sisters, leave your follies and your toys—And give ear to one whose song is for humanity to-day, For the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

Dearly do we pay for progress, dearly are our profits priced,

If we have to rob the school to run the mill,

And our creed 's the creed of Mammon, not the gentle creed of Christ,

If the little ones He loved must suffer still!

Let us cease our foolish babble of the rolling tide of trade,

Let us prate no more of traffic and its noise,

If the wheels of Commerce rattle o'er a roadway that is made

Of the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

Shall we cheat them of their childhood? Shall we rob them of their right?

Shall we bind them to the chariot of Gain?

Shall the childish brain be blunted, shall the little face grow white

In the crowded hives of Industry — and Pain?

Ah, my brothers! Ah, my sisters, you had better turn away

From your ledgers and your dividends and toys,

For a menace to the future is the thrift that thrives
to-day

On the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

# Give Them a Place to Play

PLENTY of room for dives and dens (glitter and glare and sin!),

Plenty of room for prison pens (gather the criminals in!),

Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing enough to pay!),

But never a place for the lads to race; no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for shops and stores (Mammon must have the best!),

Plenty of room for the running sores that rot in the city's breast!

Plenty of room for the lures that lead the hearts of our youth astray,

But never a cent on a playground spent; no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls, plenty of room for art;

Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform, stage, and mart.

- Proud is the city she finds a place for many a fad to-day,
- But she's more than blind if she fails to find a place for the boys to play!
- Give them a chance for innocent sport, give them a chance for fun —
- Better a playground plot than a court and a jail when the harm is done!
- Give them a chance if you stint them now, tomorrow you'll have to pay
- A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them a place to play!

### In the Heart of the Hills

OH, fain would I hide in the heart of the hills
Away from the roar and the rattle of trade!
Oh, fain would I rest where the rivulet spills
Its silvery wave in a fairy cascade!
Where apples are ripe and where maples are red,
And gossamer webs of the spider are spread,
I'm fain to recline with the sward for a bed,
In the heart of the hills!

Oh, fain would I fly to the heart of the hills

Where proudly the flags of the fall are unfurled!

Oh, fain would I dwell 'mid the splendor that fills

The landscape afar to the rim of the world!

For now when the heat of the summer is fled,

When apples are ripe and when maples are red,

There 's balm for the bosom, there 's rest for the head,

In the heart of the hills!

# The Caged Songster

Pulsing with toil and traffic — Why should I stop and start?
Something — a song seraphic — Tones of a silvery sweetness,
Tones like a golden bell,
Rich in their round completeness,
Full on mine ear they fell!

Only a bird's song, only The song of a skylark lonely, Far from the meadow and croft, Caged in a cobbler's loft.

Sing, little lark, O sing!
E'en though your heart be breaking,
Forth from your bosom fling
Music of God's own making!
Cruel the hand that sought you
Deep in the meadow's breast,
Cruel the hand that brought you
Here from your peaceful nest!

[ 32 ]

Yet while your voice remaineth, Yet while your heart retaineth Even one dream of Spring, Sing, little lark, O sing!

Deep in the city's heart
Pulsing with toil and traffic,
Far from the fields apart
Many a soul seraphic,
Many a poet sadly
Pent in the busy throng,
Sings till the people gladly
Pause and applaud his song.

Ah, 't is a bird's song only —
That of a skylark lonely,
Far from the meadow and croft,
Caged in a cobbler's loft!

### Rosa Mystica

O MYSTIC Rose, in God's fair garden growing, O Mystic Rose, in Heaven's high courtyard blowing —

Make sweet, make sweet the pathway I am going, O Mystic Rose!

The darkling, deathward way that I am going, O Mystic Rose!

O Rose, more white than snow-wreath in December!

O Rose, more red than sunset's dying ember,

My sins forget, my penitence remember,

O Mystic Rose!

Though all should fail, I pray that thou remember, O Mystic Rose!

O Mystic Rose, the moments fly with fleetness; To judgment I, with all my incompleteness— But thou, make intercession by thy sweetness, O Mystic Rose!

Be near to soothe and save me by thy sweetness, O Mystic Rose!

[34]

### The Poet

THE poet sees the tragedy that lies
Concealed within the heart from other eyes.

Behind the mask, behind the surface smile He sees the gnawing canker-grief the while.

Beneath the word he sees the deeper thought, And, deeper still, the soul with sorrow fraught.

All things reveal themselves unto his ken. His chart is human life; his books are men.

And this the secret is of all his art: He sees life wholly, others but in part.

A godlike gift is this the gods bestow To see the truth, to feel it and to know.

And thus because he pierces the pretence Of shallow smiles and words disguising sense,

The poet may not follow others' lead And lightly write what some may lightly read.

But true to life his lines some trace must bear Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.

The sweetest music breathes a minor strain, And life would not be perfect but for pain.

And so the poet sings of grief and strife, And tears and fears, because of such is life.

# Where Mother Sleeps

THERE mother sleeps No sunbeam glances gladly; But the wind sadly Through the long grasses sweeps. The night dew weeps, And darkly shadows fall From the old ruined abbey wall Where ivy creeps. No song of bird, Saving the owlet's dismal cry, is heard. No floweret gay, Child of the sun-loved summer day, From the cold earth upleaps. But all is drear: Death's silence reigneth here -Where mother sleeps.

## When All the World Goes Wrong

When all the world goes wrong, my dear,
When all the world goes wrong,
When in the heart no hope there is,
And in the soul no song;
When every thought with grief is fraught,
Ah, then I look and long
For love and cheer from thee, my dear,
When all the world goes wrong!

When all the world goes right, my dear,
When all the world goes right,
With every promise proving true
And every prospect bright;
The gladsome gleams of golden dreams
Are fairer in my sight,
If thou art near to share, my dear,
When all the world goes right!

But let the world go right or wrong,
Thy hand and voice and kiss
Can charm away, from day to day,
My sadness into bliss;

With thee to share my joy and care,
My toil, my smile, my song,
I will not fret, but freely let
The world go right or wrong!

## My Song

I SAID, "I'll sing of all the foreign places
And of the faces that my eyes have seen,
Since, long ago, I looked my last on Erin,
Beloved Erin of the valleys green!"
And there before me like a panorama,
The long, long drama of my exiled days,
The friends and scenes of many a year of wand'ring,
As I sat pond'ring, passed before my gaze.

But when I tried to sing, behold, I could not!

My fingers would not wake the silent chords;

And though I bent my mind unto the singing

There was no ringing of the magic words.

And then I said: "I'll sing of one the dearest,
Of one the nearest in the storm and strife,
Of one who led me through the toil and trouble
Of things ignoble to a better life;
Yea, I will steep my soul in dreamings of her,
For oh! I love her and have loved her long,
And I will wake my harp to give expression
To all my passion in a sweet, sweet song."

But when I tried to sing, behold, I could not!

My fingers would not o'er the harpstrings move,
And though I bent my mind unto the singing

There was no ringing of the lay of love.

I said at last, "I'll sing a song of Erin,
My own dear Erin o'er the distant seas;
I'll sing of all the olden, golden glories
That fill the stories of her seanachies;
For through my veins her ancient blood is flowing,
My heart is glowing with her ancient fire,
And I will sing of her, though sad and lonely,
My land, the only land of my desire!"

And then I sang; I struck the harp with boldness;
No longer coldness hindered mind or hand;
And from my lips there poured the pride, the gladness,
Ay, and the sadness of my native land!

### "A Dreamer Lives Forever"

I, TOO, have been a dreamer; I have knelt To truth and beauty in Arcadian meads; The rapture of the poet I have felt, And all his keen desire for noble deeds.

And though my money-minded neighbor deems
Of little worth the things that I have done,
Far dearer to the dreamer are his dreams
Than all the wealth by worldly wisdom won.

# When Summer Comes Again

HEN summer comes again, dear,
And balmy breezes blow,
The fields will all be sweet with flowers
That now are white with snow;
Blue mists will wrap the hill, dear,
And echoes haunt the glen,
And sunbeams kiss the rill, dear,
When summer comes again.

When winter winds have fled, dear,
And winter's dreary hours,
The lark will whistle in the cloud,
The blackbird in the bowers;
The earth her best will don, dear,
To glad the eyes of men,
When winter days are gone, dear,
And summer comes again.

When summer comes again, dear,
And love a spell hath wove
Around thy gentle heart and mine
That scarce have dreamed of love,

The coldness of the past, dear, Will be forgotten then, When love is lord at last, dear, And summer comes again.

# Ah, Sweet is Tipperary

AH, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year, When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow, When the feather folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble

With their singing and their winging to and fro; When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant vesture on,

And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring; When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year, When the mists are rising from the lea,

When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling

And the Suir 1 goes crooning to the sea;

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced Shure. This is the river mentioned by Spenser in his "Faerie Queene," as

"... The gentle Shure that making way
By sweet Clonmel adorns rich Waterford."

When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers

That the lavish hand of May will fling;

When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays — Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year, When life like the year is young,

When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,

And love words linger on the tongue;

When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes, And love dreams cluster and cling

Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain —

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

### Remorse

I SPOKE to him shortly, sharply,
I looked on him with a frown,
I told him his sins and follies
Were the talk of all the town—
And now there's a sorrow in my heart
That tears can never drown.

Sympathy never I offered,

Blinded I was with pride,

The hand I should have reached him

Hung idly at my side —

And now Remorse a constant guest

Will ever with me abide.

Ah, had I been more loving,
Had I but guarded and led;
But I went my way unheeding,
And closed my heart instead;
And now, too late, I love him,
Too late, for he is dead.

### The Poet's Heart

THE poet's heart's a crucible wherein
The baser metals of life's grief and wrong
Are by the subtle alchemy of pain
Transmuted straight into the gold of song.

# A Song of Liberty

OPEN your ears to the song I sing you,
Open your eyes to the truth I show,
Open your hearts to the hope I bring you,
Hope for a land that is lying low;
Centuries old are the chains that bind her,
Centuries old is the scar she bears,
Bitter as death are the days behind her,
Yet through it all she never despairs!
Rouse you then from your idle dreaming,
Wake to welcome the time at hand,
Liberty's light will soon be streaming
Over the hills of our native land!

Red in the night the fires are glowing,

Loud in the night the anvils ring,

Faces dark in the flames are showing,

Sinewy arms the sledges swing,

Steady and sure the task pursuing,

Each after each the metal strikes —

Men, are you blind to the work they're doing?

Can you not see they are forging pikes!

Pikes, the weapons of good and true men, Pikes, the weapons of Freedom's sons, Pikes to put in the hands of you, men, After a while you may capture guns!

Listen, we've heard from across the water,
Heard a message from friendly lips —
France, young Liberty's daring daughter,
Over the sea is sending ships
Laden with means for the land's salvation —
Men and money and arms, galore,
Coming to help us raise the nation
Up to her ancient place once more!
Rouse you then from your idle dreaming,
Grasp the weapon that fits the hand,
Liberty's light will soon be streaming
Over the hills of our native land!

### First Love

OH, sweet is life when Youth is in the blood!
And Love first lays his glamour on the heart?
When dreams anticipant are at their flood,
And into being new-found feelings start!

O Time! thy swiftly flying steps retrace; Come, Love, again, and fill my heart with joy; For what can Manhood offer to replace The rapturous self-deception of a boy!

### The Sorrow of Love

I SAID, "I am fain to borrow,
O Life, of your joys' sweet store."
But the gift of Love brought sorrow
Worse than was mine before.

Yet I'm conscious of life completer
From the sorrows the years have brought,
For the sorrow of Love is sweeter
Than joy where Love is not.

# An Old Woman's Thought

AH, if I were only in Erin,
In Erin far over the wave,
'T is little at all I'd be carin',
And few are the troubles I'd have!
For there are the well-beloved places—
The chapel, the village, the mill,
The sthream laughing loud as it races
Down from the hill.

There, mornin's in spring many scented,
There hawthorn's snowy white bloom,
There sunsets at evenin' God-painted,
There glow-worms shine in the gloom
There boreens enchantin'ly mazy
All bordered with flowers in June,
There daffy-down-dilly and daisy
And meadow larks tune.

There friends at each turn to meet me
With kindly "God save you, asthore!"
An' others with blessin's to greet me
The minute I'd open the door.

[ 53 ]

There children the soft chair to bring me, Sayin', "Welcome! Sit down awhile, ma'am," And never the cowld word to sting me, Ould as I am.

But here I am weary, so weary!

The city's smoke spreads like a pall,
The skies are so gray and so dreary,
There's no friend to greet me at all;
My daughters are proud, overbearin',
My sons wish me laid in the grave —
Ah! if I were only in Erin,
'T is few of these troubles I'd have!

# "In the Tumult of the City"

In the tumult of the city there is neither rest nor peace,

Of the hurry and the worry we may never know surcease,

For, before one trouble's ended there's another all begun,

And before one race is over there's another to be run.

But I know a land of quiet, but I know a place of dreams,

By a softly-flowing river that's the pleasantest of streams,

Where a soothing wind is sighing through the meadows all the day,

In my own dear native valley far away!

In the tumult of the city there is glory to be won,

And the promptings of ambition at one's heart are never done;

But I'm weary of the struggle and I'm fain again to lie

In the long, luxuriant grasses where the river wanders by.

Let them fight for fame who want it, I had rather sit and dream

In the pleasant fields of Erin with the sunlight on the stream;

What's the good of gold and glory when your life is dull and gray,

And you're sighing for a valley far away!

But the tumult of the city, howsoever loud it be, Can not drown the robin's singing in the fields of memory;

And the clouds of care that hover, can not mar the mental view

Of the smiling Irish meadows with the river flowing through;

So I'll face, again, the battle, though the odds be ten to one,

For the future can not rob me of the happiness that's gone;

And I'll gird my soul in patience, though I nevermore may stray

Through my own dear native valley far away!

# Go Where You Will

GO where you will, my heart will follow after; Ever my ears are listening for your laughter; Ever my eyes look longingly to see Your face, again, that is so dear to me!

Go where you will, may blessings be about you; Drear are the days, dear one, and sad, without you; Swift be the wings of time until I see Your face, again, that is so dear to me!

Go where you will — love laughs at time or distance; Love still maintains, through all, its sweet insistence; Yet, knowing this, I still am fain to see Your face, again, that is so dear to me!

# A Question

IF, after all the vows that I have sworn
Of love and constancy, my heart should stray
To brighter eyes and redder lips, and scorn
Thy love that has been mine for many a day,

Wouldst thou upbraid me with a bitter tongue,
And call down curses on my recreant head?

Or wouldst thou, for love's sake, forgive the wrong,
And let thy heart be merciful instead?

# A Shamrock from the Suir 1

OUR country's feast is drawing near;
Then, sister mine, I pray,
Send me a little shamrock, dear,
To wear upon that day;
'T will comfort me, and make me strong
My exile to endure,
'T will be what I have wished for long—
A shamrock from the Suir.

A shamrock from the sun-loved vale Wherein my youth was spent; A shamrock kissed by ev'ry gale

And sweet with springtime's scent; A shamrock that at vesper bell Has drunk of dew-drops pure;

A shamrock that the heart can tell Grew green beside the Suir!

And oh, the memories of old That to my mind will rise,

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced Shure. [59]

When I the triple leaves behold
Again, with tear-dimmed eyes!
And oh, the dreams of days ere yet
I followed fortune's lure,
Ere hearts were sad, or eyes tear-wet
Beside the peaceful Suir!

And faces that for years have lain
Beneath the graveyard mould
Will greet me smilingly again
As in the days of old;
And once again my mother mild
Will breathe her teachings pure,
For I'll be as a little child —
A child beside the Suir.

Then send a shamrock, dear, to me Across the dreary wave,
And pluck it from beneath the tree
That shades our mother's grave;
And all the pain and weariness
Which vainly seeks a cure
Will fly, when to my lips I press
That shamrock from the Suir!

## Memories of Ireland

I SEE in dreams a purple mountain rise
Above a verdant vale,
Across the azure stretches of the skies
I see the cloud-ships sail.

A river rippled by a wandering wind Sighs mournfully along, As if its waters grieved to leave behind The beauties here that throng.

And this is home, thus pictured in my dreams, This hill is Slieve-na-mon; And this the Suir, the queen of all the streams The sunlight plays upon.

This is the summer sky of bygone days
That on my youthhood smiled,
And this the Golden Valley, through whose ways
I wandered when a child.

Oh, dear dream-pictures of my native Isle
Across the spreading seas,
You give me grief — you give me joy the while, —
Oh, sad, sweet memories!

For, as in Ireland, through the blinding rain The sun's bright rays are cast; So pleasure mingles in my heart with pain Remembering the past!

## Dreams

Love, I dream of thee the more,
And I weave into my song
All the sad, sweet thoughts that throng
Of the golden days of yore.
If to dream of thee be wrong,
Then have I offended sore.
Love, I dream of thee the more
When the balmy days grow long.

All the winter have I sighed
For thy presence, wearily;
Grieving gazed across the wide
Gulf of selfish human pride
That divided thee and me.
Now sweet hope inspires my song,
Wears the smile that once she wore—
Love, I dream of thee the more
When the balmy days grow long!

## Poor Love must Wait

POOR Love must wait till duty's done,
Poor Love must wait till fame be won,
Though years go sighing, one by one,
"Too late! Too late!"
Till duty's done and fame be won,
Poor Love must wait.

Poor Love must wait though hearts may ache,
Poor Love must wait though hearts may break,
Though tears will flow for his dear sake—
Yet such is Fate,
Though hearts may ache, though hearts may break,
Poor Love must wait!

Poor Love must wait, through every pain,
Poor Love must wait — but not in vain.
Though all things else by time be slain,
Love conquers Fate!
Oh, not in vain, through every pain
Poor Love must wait!

# To One in Bohemia

BROTHER in suffering, brother, too, in song, We well can smile at what the days may bring, For we have known the limit of life's wrong And felt of sorrow's pain the utmost sting.

Then let us sing — gazing with fearless eyes
Upon the coming years, whate'er they bear,
Behold the sun is shining in the skies,
And God is master of the world's despair!

## O Land of Youth!

O LAND of Youth! O Land of hopeful hearts!
O flowery, fruitful Land of faith and trust!
How sweet to turn — as year on year departs,
And sees each fond illusion fall to dust —
How sweet, and yet how sad, to turn away
From present pain, the past to linger o'er,
And try to bring into the bleak to-day
The dreams of joy that I shall know no more!

O Land of Youth! Swift rolls the tide of Time,
Whose current bears me farther still from thee,
Through many a strange and uncongenial clime
My bark of life goes outward to the sea;
More distant grow thy hills that used to rise
Like inspirations in the days of yore,
And naught remains of thee to glad my eyes,
O Land of Youth, that I shall see no more!

But memory musing o'er the golden hours
That once were mine within thy verdant vales,
Transports me back again among the flowers
Whose fragrance freighted all the summer gales;

And one fair face that I would fain forget
Looks out upon me from a cottage door,
Until my heart is weary with regret —
Regret for love that I shall know no more!

O Land of Youth; Too soon we leave behind
Thy ways serene, thy innocent delights!
Too soon we burden the exhausted mind
With toilsome days of care and cheerless nights!
Would God that it had been my lot to stay
A little longer on thy friendly shore,
And so, perhaps, possess thy peace to-day—
Thy blessed peace, that I shall know no more!

# Across the Seas in Erin

ACROSS the seas in Erin are manly hearts and true,
Are souls to dream,
And minds to scheme,

And willing hands to do!

Then wherefore from her valleys do her scattered people flee?

And wherefore is she still oppressed when other lands are free?

Alas! alas, for Erin! With all her brain and brawn,
The years reveal
Her children's steel

Against each other drawn.

Across the seas in Erin are men like those who made
The martial fame
And splendid name

Of Meagher's bold brigade!

Then wherefore is the right denied that she has sued for long?

And why is she still bowed beneath sad centuries of wrong?

Alas! alas, for Erin! With all the stirring deeds,
In chains she lives,
And no one gives
The unity she needs.

Across the seas in Erin, what joy to hear again
The voice of one
Whose magic tone

Could fuse the hearts of men!

Could fuse the various hearts of men till petty strife should die,

And o'er her hills should ring one grand united battle cry!

Alas! alas, for Erin! Her faith in men is past,
But God is just,
And God He must

Uplift her at the last!

# Rose of my Heart

ROSES riot in rich profusion
Over the garden walls of June;
Birds are singing in rare confusion
Each with his own sweet summer tune.

Fair are the flowers that morn discloses
Still suffused with the tears of dew —
Yet I know that of all the roses,
Rose of my heart, there is none like you!

# The Memory of Emmet

YEARS come and go, and kings grow old and die, And those who whilom held the world in thrall Throneless and sceptreless and crownless lie, Finding in death the common fate of all.

Systems and dynasties and nations rise,
Awhile the destinies of men they sway;
Anon a ruin staring at the skies
Proclaims their littleness and their decay.

Vainly the monarch flings around his throne
A shining armament of mail-clad hordes;
Vainly, for lo, the centuries are strown
With wrecks of kingdoms once upheld by swords!

Nothing survives save Right — nor king, nor throne; That nation, howsoe'er its strongholds stand, Which hath not Right for its foundation-stone Is like a house that 's built upon the sand.

Nothing survives save Right — for God is just; The Right is His, He guards it thro' the years; He humbles the oppressor in the dust, He hath an answer to a nation's tears.

Nothing survives save Right — a man to-day
For loving Right may meet a shameful death,
But glorified by death, his name, for aye,
Becomes the watchword of a nation's faith!

Thus Emmet died a hundred years ago,

Thus unto Right his faithfulness he proved;

His only crime — for crime they called it so —

Was this, he would have freed the land he loved!

A hundred years ago. And yet, and yet, Where is the Irish heart that does not flame, Fired with a love 't were treason to forget, At the mere sound of Robert Emmet's name!

He saw his country's very life assailed,
Bleeding and bound a victim at the stake,
He tried to set her free and, when he failed,
He freely gave his life for her dear sake.

"Let no man write my epitaph," he said;
(A hand enslaved were utterly unfit,)

So on the stone that marks where he is laid, His country, still un-freed, no word has writ.

But what are epitaphs engraved on stone,
Or eulogies emblazoned on a scroll?
His name and fame endures, and his alone,
Whose deeds are shrined within his country's soul.

Kings and their hireling hosts, when they depart, Rot un-remembered as the years go by; But while there beats one faithful Irish heart, The memory of Emmet shall not die!

# A Prairie Reminiscence

I N the years of youth and yearning, when I wandered free and far

Out beyond the smoke of cities where the spreading prairies are,

Once I lingered for a season by a stream that flowed along,

Lingered captured and enraptured by a maiden and a song.

Ah, the years between are long, But remembrances will throng

Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing wrong,

Though she's lying low to-day In the westland far away,

I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of her song!

Oh, the splendor of that summer never from my mind shall fade!

Nor the sweetness of the singing nor the beauty of the maid,

Though the days of youth may vanish, yet the dreams of youth remain,

Be the measure of our pleasure mingled howsoe'er with pain.

Ah, the years between are long, But remembrances will throng

Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing wrong.

Though upon her lonely grave Prairie blooms in beauty wave,

I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of her song!

Long ago I ceased my roving, ceased to wander free and far,

And the golden grand ideals of my boyhood buried are;

But a vision comes to cheer me as the dull days drag along

Of a maiden, flower-laden, pouring forth her soul in song.

Ah, the years between are long, Still the memory is strong

Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing wrong.

Summer's sun and winter's snow, In her grave she 's lying low;

But I'm dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of her song!

[75]

## In Summer

ACROSS the land the summer walks in splendor;
The flowers spring up to greet her, and the skies
Look down upon her with a glance as tender
As love awakens in a maiden's eyes.

Along the eaves I see the creeper clinging,
The morning-glories open to the sun,
And in the orchard trees the birds are singing
Their vesper service when the day is done.

The silence of the winter and its sadness
Have given place to music and to mirth,
And yet my heart discovers naught of gladness
In all the light and beauty of the earth.

For one who loved the summer and the sweetness Of woods and fields responsive to her breath Has passed away with more than summer's fleetness Into the realm of darkness and of death.

## A Picture

LOVE'S languorous look lies dreaming in her eyes,

Red roses cluster in her night-black hair, And all in vain her snowy vesture tries To match the whiteness of her bosom fair.

Serenely beautiful, with every grace,
With every gift that nature can impart,
A perfect woman, radiant in her place,
And lacking only this: A woman's heart!

# For Love's Sweet Sake

OH, I have wandered many a weary mile,
For Love's sweet sake,
With aching heart and breaking heart the while,
For Love's sweet sake,
And often have I seen, through all those years,
My brightest hopes dissolve in darkest fears,
And known full well the bitterness of tears,
For Love's sweet sake.

The ways forsaken of the world I 've trod,
For Love's sweet sake,
My miseries unseen of all but God,
For Love's sweet sake.
A stranger among strangers, I have lain
My tired head upon the lap of Pain,
And felt the weight of burdens borne in vain,
For Love's sweet sake.

And knowing all I have endured for thee,
And Love's sweet sake,
Wilt thou not, of thy pity, turn to me,
For Love's sweet sake?

Unlock the door thy blindness closed fast, Forget the cruel coldness of the past, And let me come into thy heart at last, For Love's sweet sake!

# I Saw

I SAW the golden moon arise
Out of the silent sea,
I saw the star-shine fill the skies
With deeper mystery;
I saw the shadowy ships go on
Across the swelling tide —
And grief was in my heart for one
Who loved me and who died!

# Voices from Erin

- THERE are always voices calling to the exile overseas,
  - Cries from Erin's mother-heart are on the wings of every wind;
- And they fill the eye with pictures, and the mind with memories,
  - Of the days of youth and love that, long ago, he left behind.
- There are always voices calling and the clamorous demands
  - Of the present, its ambitions and its triumphs and its fears,
- Can not lessen for an instant, tho' he strays in distant lands,
  - All the sweetness to the exile of the dreams of other years!

## Sweetheart

SWEETHEART, O sweetheart! Though winter winds are loud,

Though silently the earth lies beneath its snowy shroud,

For me the birds are singing and the skies serene and blue,

Sweetheart! And all because of you.

Sweetheart! The hearts of some are bowed

In homage to the haughty, in bondage to the proud, But happier am I by far than those who vainly sue, Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

Sweetheart! though thickly sorrows crowd,

Though false are the friends who eternal friendship vowed,

For me the future shines as if all the world were true, Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

# "The Heart of Having is Sad"

OH, how can you repay me for the hopeless love and longing

Of the silent adoration that I offered you for years —

For years of doubt and darkness and of trials that came thronging,

When my heritage and portion was the bitterness of tears!

The happiness you grant me now it may not find expression;

The love you lavish on me it is given few to know—But yet, despite the rapture of the present and its passion,

I can't forget the desolate despair of long ago!

## Heroes

IF so it be we are forbid by fate
To do the deeds that make a hero great,

Let 's do our duty each one as he should, And, lacking greatness, let 's at least be good.

Oh, there are seeds of kindness to be sown In hearts that never have such kindness known;

And words of gentleness and actions true Are always possible for me and you.

'T is true these seem of little worth, because They do not win for us the world's applause.

But noble actions are not judged by size, The great intent the action magnifies.

And though our names the world may never fill, The ear of God may find them sweeter still.

## Ireland

OH, Ireland, Ireland, amid the waters blue, Across the seas, across the years my heart goes back to you,

To you and to the faithful friends my early boyhood knew

In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true!

Oh, Ireland, I mind me of the dew That sparkled on the flowers fair that in your meadows grew,

I mind me of the playmates and the schoolmates not a few

In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true!

Oh, Ireland, Ireland, though other nations sue To win my heart's affection, yet I'm not forgetting you,

There are no scenes so beautiful, no friends like those I knew

In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true!

# When Love Lay Dead

WHEN Love lay dead—
Communing with my grieving heart, I said:
"Now let my lot be wheresoever cast,
Little I care, the joy of life is past.
The golden dreams that filled the olden days,
The gladd'ning gleams of love-illumined ways,
For aye have fled.
Gone are the smiles that once the future wore,
Gone are the gifts that once the future bore,
Gone is my happiness, forevermore,
Since Love lies dead."

But from Love's tomb

Upsprang, as springs a flower in perfect bloom,
A hope of purer, better, things to be—
A mind made stronger by its misery,
A heart grown tenderer by wounds that bled,
And eyes made kindlier by tears they shed,
A soul set free—
And life grew sweet, again, so sweet to me,
Though Love lay dead!

[ 86 ]

# The Midnight Mass

(An incident of the Penal Days.)

In haste the hunted soggarth 1 goes,
The winter winds are blowing cold,
Around him fall the winter snows.
But little does he heed the wind,
The blinding snow, the dark morass,
Far fiercer are the foes behind —
He goes to say the midnight Mass.

For hours, with many a devious turn,
He's led the chase o'er moor and fen,
Beheld the village tapers burn,
But dare not seek the haunts of men,
For close upon his track have prest,
(His holy faith the only cause)
With horrid oath and ruffian jest,
The minions of the Penal Laws.

<sup>1</sup> Properly *sagart*, the Irish word for priest. [87]

And woe to bim should evil hap,
Into their hands the priest betray!
The raven o'er his corse would flap
Her sable pinions ere the day—
But fainter now have grown their cries,
Their shots more distant than before,
And hopes within his heart arise
That he has baffled them once more.

But vain the hope of baffled foes;
A few more sanguine than the rest
Still mark the trail as on he goes,
Still keep the chase with eager zest;
But all unconscious fares he still,
By tangled wood and torrent dread
To where, beneath a lonely hill,
The Mass in secret may be said.

Oh, failte! failte! Round him throng
The remnant of his scattered flock —
And Mass, with neither chant nor song,
Is offered from a fallen rock.
And never at cathedral shrine
Were purer spirits wrapped in prayer
Than those who worshipped the Divine
Before that lowly altar there.

But hark! The rite is scarcely done
When rings a cry upon the breeze—
"Up, Father, for your life, and run!"
The priest arises from his knees.
Too late! One muttered prayer to God:
A volley shakes the mountain-pass,
The priest lies slain upon the sod,
He'll say no more the midnight Mass!

# "Come Unto Me"

FILLED is the world with misery and sorrow,
Sad are our lives with bitterness and sin,
Cares for to-day and worries for to-morrow,
Darkness without and deeper gloom within;
Yet in the midst of our profound depression
There is an eye Divine our needs to see,
There is a voice of infinite compassion
Saying in accents sweet, "Come unto Me."

"Come unto Me, you weary ones that labor,
Jesus of Nazareth — lo, I am He!

I am the Christ transfigured on Mount Tabor,
I am the Christ transfixed on Calvary!

What though you've sinned against my heavenly
Father,

Yet have I pity on your souls distrest, You to My Sacred Heart I fain would gather, Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

"Come unto Me! Oh, heed the invitation, You whom the world has treated with disdain;

You who have need of strength and consolation,
You who would find a solace for your pain;
Cease to pursue each fleeting, false ideal,
Follow no longer every fruitless quest;
Only in Me is there a joy that's real,
Only with Me will you find perfect rest."

Ah! the sweet word of our dear Lord in heaven,
Ah! the bright hope that nothing here can dim,
Though on our lives the stain of sin be, even,
He'll not deny us if we come to Him;
Then let our nearest turn in coldness from us,
Then let our dearest fail at friendship's test,
Have we not Christ and His unfailing promise:
"Come unto Me and I will give you rest"?

Many a shadow may enshroud the dreamer,
Many a cry may fall upon his ear,
But the sweet voice of his Divine Redeemer
Softly insistent he must always hear;
And though his days be filled with strife and sadness,
And though he sings but in a minor key,
Still there remains to touch his life with gladness
Ever the words of Christ: "Come unto Me."

## Christmas-time in Ireland

AT Christmas-time in Ireland how the holly branches twine

In stately hall and cabin old and gray!

And red among the lea es the holly-berries brightly shine,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.

And brighter than the berries are the kindly Irish eyes, And cheery are the greetings of the day,—

The greetings and the blessings from the Irish hearts that rise

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland you can hear the chapel bell

A-calling ere the dawning of the day,

You can see the people thronging over field and over fell,

To the "early Mass" in Ireland far away;

And saintly are the soggarths 1 that before the altars stand,

And faithful are the flocks that kneel and pray -

<sup>1</sup> Properly, sagairt, plural of sagart, priest.

Ah, surely God must show'r His choicest blessings on the land

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is feasting, there is song,

And merrily the fife and fiddle play,

And lightly dance the colleens and the boys the evening long,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.

There is light and there is laughter, there is music, there is mirth,

And lovers speak as only lovers may, -

Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on earth As Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is sorrow, too, for those

Who scattered far in exile sadly stray,

And many a tear in silence for a friend beloved flows At Christmas-time in Ireland far away;

But still amid the grieving is a hope to banish fears, That God will send them safely back some day,

To know again the happiness that long ago was theirs At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

# The Song I Would Sing

I'M fain, in the song that I sing for thee, dearest,
To weave all the beauties around me that lie,
The gleam of the stream when its wave is the clearest,
The green of the woods and the blue of the sky;
The crystalline dew on the grass of the meadows,
The morning mist hiding the high mountain crest,
The shine of the sun and the play of the shadows,
The shimmer of leaves that are never at rest—

But only a rime that has no beauty in it
Is all the result of the effort I make,
And dreams that I'd capture are gone in a minute,
And rude is the song that I sing for your sake.

I'm fain in the song that I sing for thee, dearest,
To weave all the music that nature affords,
The lilt of the lark when the summer is nearest,
Too subtle and sweet in its meaning for words;
The hum of the bees that are robbing the roses,
The faraway sound of the surges of seas,

The chorus of birds when the summer day closes, The laughter of rills and the whisper of trees,

But only a rime that has no music in it
Is all the result of the effort I make,
And dreams that I'd capture are gone in a minute,
And rude is the song that I sing for your sake.

# Waiting

OH, ever and ever the waves roll in,
And beat on the yellow sands!

But never, oh never, the lad comes back
Who voyaged to distant lands!

The ocean is white with the sails of ships
That steer for the harbor of Lynn;
I scan them all with an anxious eye,
But never my ship comes in.

Moans the sea, the wild winds wail, But still no trace of my lover's sail; Sailor men drinking and singing in Lynn, But never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Long years ago my lover's ship
Sailed out on the ebbing tide;
I watched her till only a tiny speck
Upon the horizon wide.
And many a gallant youth since then
Has striven my heart to win—
But my heart is over the waters afar
With a ship that never comes in.

Oh, ever and ever the sound of the wave!—
It cries like a mother over a grave;
Wedding bells clanging and ringing in Lynn,
But never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Yestreen the maidens, one and all,
Donned holiday coif and gown
To greet the soldiers, scarlet clad,
Parading through the town.
Rejoiced and cheered they all save I,
For 'mid the merry din
I thought of a sailor lad, and I wept
For a ship that never comes in.

Oh, young folk marry, and old folk die, Merry folk laugh, and weary folk sigh! Sad, oh sad, is the town of Lynn, For never, oh never, my ship comes in!

## After Summer

YOU will come again, O Summer, with the fragrance of the flowers,

And the verdant meadows vying with the beauty of the bowers,

Shady woods and waves that shimmer, and the blue sky bending o'er,

But a happy heart, O Summer, you will bring me back no more!

You will come again, O Summer, with the singing of the birds,

And the loving laugh replying to the ring of wooing words,

With the mirth and merry-making of the days in pleasure spent,

But you'll never bring, O Summer, back again my heart's content!

# Do We Forget?

DO we forget because our tears are dried, Because the passionate outburst of our woe Is silent now, are our beloved who died Forgotten in their narrow beds and low?

Ah, no; though other thoughts may move the mind, Though other feelings may possess the heart, We keep the memory of the dead enshrined In deep recesses, sacred and apart.

And though we weep no more as first we did
When death appeared and hid them from our eyes,
Love is not covered with a coffin-lid,
And sad remembrance of them never dies!

## Love and Reason

IF love forget what love most dear should hold,
Or learn the things that love should never know,
Then, maid, beware, — for soon above the cold
Dead ashes of your love your tears will flow.

Love's draught is sweet — the sweetest far that flows
To bathe the lips of those who fain would sup;
Love's draught is sweet, but bitter soon it grows,
If reason be not mingled in the cup.

# An Exile's Longing

WHEN I feel the breezes blowing, strongly blowing from the West,

And I mark the steamers sailing back across the ocean's breast,

Then my heart is sick within me to be going with the rest

To Ireland!

For the weary years are long,
And my life is going wrong,
And I'm longing for the sight of Ireland!

Oh happy are the people who with streaming eyes behold

In the blessed light of morning Erin's headlands looming bold,

And happy thrice are they who tread the scenes beloved of old

In Ireland!

For the exiled years of grief
In their present joy are brief,
And they are glad to be back in Ireland!

[ 101 ]

Let me come again to Ireland ere my days be all forespent,

Though my hair be white as ashes and my body weak and bent,

Let me only come to die there, and I know I'll die content

In Ireland.

For 't is sweet when life is past
To lie down to rest at last,
With the friends of our youth in Ireland!

## Whene'er I Think of Thee

WHENE'ER I think of thee, of thee who died
While yet my lips were warm with thy caress,
Who pined and failed and faded from my side
As fades a flower of summer loveliness,
A long procession moves before my eyes
Of days that once were dear to thee and me,
And floods of sadly-sweet emotions rise
Whene'er I think of thee.

Whene'er I think of thee my soul expands,
The beauty of creation is my own,
No longer bound by sorrow's iron bands
I pine in rayless wretchedness, alone.
And all things lovely that have ever been
Or through the ages evermore will be,
I hold them every one my heart within
Whene'er I think of thee.

The splendor of the sunset and the dawn,

The rose breath wafted on the winds of June,

The startled shyness of the forest fawn,

The haunting music of the robin's tune,

The mystery of the starlight on the plain,

The magic of the moonlight on the sea,

All these, and more than these, are mine again

Whene'er I think of thee.

Whene'er I think of thee my youth returns,
My fair, free youth, my days of daring dreams,
And many a joy for which the present yearns,
Comes back to haunt me with its golden gleams,
And youthful hopes, love-sanctified and blest,
Once more in all their witchery I see;
They come again, my first-beloved and best,
Whene'er I think of thee.

# "Bonny Mary of Argyle"

On the distant plains had set,
And the golden-rod so tender
By the falling dew was wet.
When the vesper-bird was silent,
And the winds had ceased to sigh,
By our cottage door we gathered
Out beneath the dark'ning sky,
And full soon a voice was ringing,
And we sat entranced the while,
One we loved was sweetly singing
"Bonny Mary of Argyle."

I have heard rich voices blending
In cathedrals old and dim,
To the throne of God ascending
Craving mercy, peace, of Him.
But within my memory liveth
That sweet song of other years,
And hath power to soothe my sadness
With the blessed balm of tears.

[ 105 ]

Ah, the grandest anthem ringing
In cathedral choir or aisle,
Could not equal that sweet singing,
"Bonny Mary of Argyle!"

'Neath the golden-rod now lieth
The fair singer of the song,
And the western zephyr sigheth
O'er her lone grave all day long.
Weary I, and heavy-hearted,
Plod a-through the world my way,
And my life with many a sorrow
Is more darkened day by day,
But a tender mem'ry clinging
Brings me back a gentle smile,
And a voice so sweetly singing
"Bonny Mary of Argyle."

## I Think of Thee

THINK of thee
When evening shades are falling,
And sweet bells calling
From a white convent o'er the distant lea;
And dreamily

The evening breezes blow from out the west.

The world's at rest,

In twilight wrapt, serene, and turmoil-free.

A nightingale

Sings his sad song and sweet far down the vale Where deepest shadows be —

All lonely I

Gaze on the darkened meads, the darkening sky, And think of thee!

## A Buried Heart

THEY buried the maid in the forest glade;
They digged her grave in the shade of a fir;
(Over the spot where she is laid
Whispering winds with branches stir).

Solemn and slow the gray-haired priest Murmured a Latin prayer, and ceased. The holy water fell like a tear, As they piled the mould upon her bier.

Low, low in the forest glade
They laid her down in the shade of a fir —
But, all unknown to the priest who pray'd,
Unknown to the wielders of mattock and spade,
They buried my heart in the grave with her!

Fair she was as flow'rs in the dell,

That rise where the feet of spring have trod,
And pure as the saints that the seers tell

Chant round the great white throne of God.

[ 801 ]

Sweet was her voice as the birds that sing When summer kisses departing spring; And her lightest word was more to me Than aught on earth again may be.

Wild was the grief of her friends, and loud, As they laid her low in the shade of a fir; Tears shone on the cheek of her father proud — But I was mute amid the crowd, Tho' my heart was deep in the grave with her!

Toll, toll, O mission bell,

Toll for the fair-faced maid who died.

Voices of priests in Masses swell,

And waft her soul to the Virgin's side!

Toll, toll, O sad-voiced bell,

For the maid who lies in the shade of a fir;

And, oh, let your notes ring out as well

For my heart that lies in the grave with her.

## The Autumn Rain

RAINING in the springtime!—
But we always know
That the sun will shine again
In a day or so.
Though the eaves may drip and drip,
Skies be overcast,
In our hearts we feel and say
"'T is n't long to last.
Soon the summer's sweetness
All the land will fill,
Murk and mist no longer
Hide the distant hill;
Soon again the sky will
Smile upon the plain"—
Thus we feel in springtime,
Looking at the rain.

Raining in the autumn!—
Ah, the dreary day!
Will the clouds that hide the sun
Never pass away!

[ 110 ]

Listen to the monotone
Of the dripping eaves.
List to the lamenting of
The wind among the leaves.
Gone the summer's beauty—
Every bud is dead;
Gone the summer's music—
Every bird is fled;
All the hopes that held us
Through the year are vain,
When we sit in autumn
Looking at the rain!

# Come, Cheer Up!

COME, cheer up, my moody friend!
What 's the good of whining?
What 's the good of moping 'round
Sighing and repining?
See, the sky is bright and blue,
See, the sun is shining!
Let the sun shine in on you,
On your heart and spirit, too,
Let it bid you dare and do—
What 's the good of whining?
Come, cheer up!

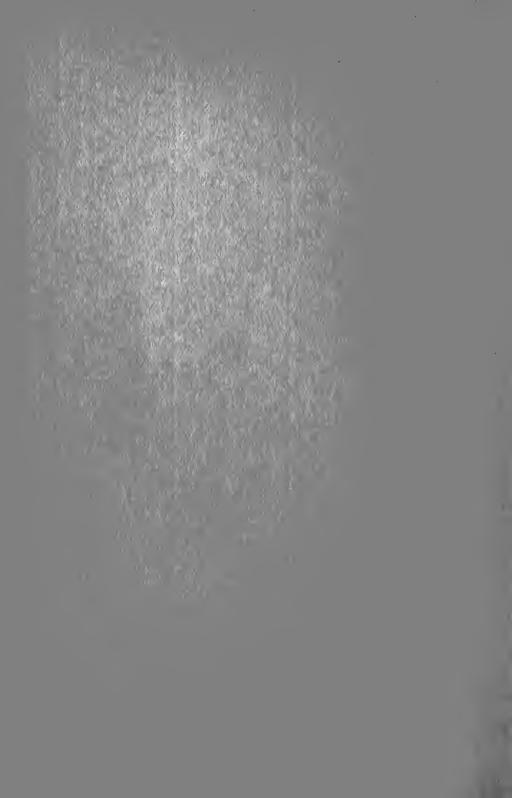
Come, cheer up! Lift up your head!
What 's the good of whining?
Lo, the very darkest cloud
Has a silver lining!
Face your fate and do not stand
Peaking thus and pining;
Though your gift may not be grand,
Do what 's nearest to your hand,
Do it well and truly, and
You won't think of whining—
Come, cheer up!

[ 112 ]

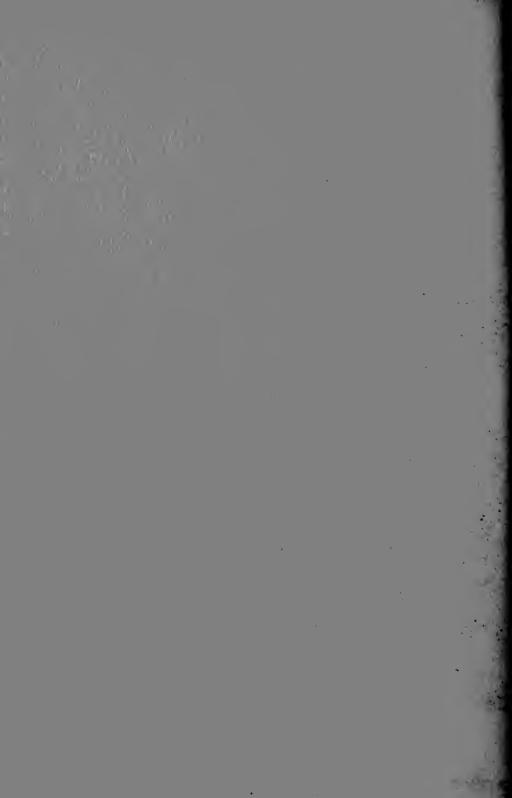
Come, cheer up! Whate'er your lot,
What 's the good of whining?
Griefs? Why, every grief you bear
Is of wise designing.
Cares? Why, every care is sent
Trying and refining.
Then be blithe of heart and strong,
Labor hard and labor long,
And amid your smile and song
Leave no place for whining —
Come, cheer up!

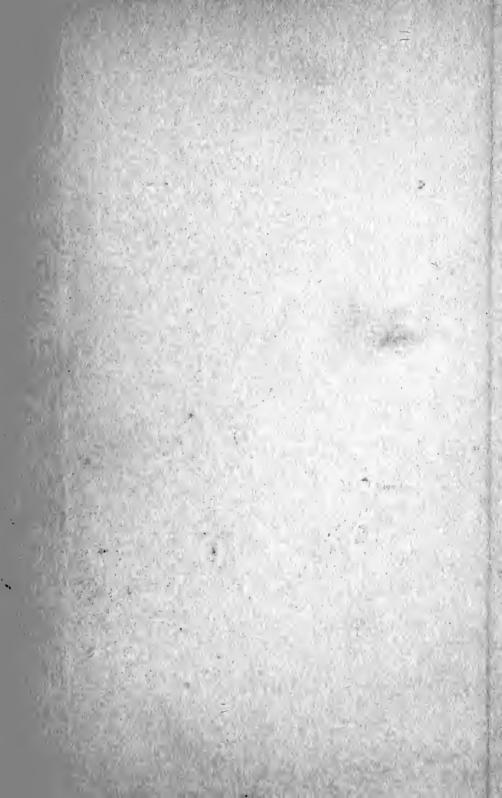












0 015 909 190 9